

LITTLE ALFONSO OF SPAIN.

Written for the Post. While the world is waiting with bated breath to know the fate of Cuba, the person most interested in the matter is living a quiet little life occupied only with matters of education and charity.

children of the nobles, were to ride into the woods after an imaginary fox. The centurions were to ride after him to bring them back in safety. As they were about to start, Alfonso noticed that the stable boy who brought out his horse looked on with longing eyes.

Alfonso XIII, king of Spain, is only 11 years old. He will not attain his twelfth birthday until May 17, 1898, when he will celebrate another year of his reign.

"Come here a minute," said he to an attendant. "I want that boy to ride. That boy can ride as well as I can."

Alfonso was a king from the time he was born, for he came into the world six months after the death of his father, Alfonso XII, and found the throne waiting for him. Immediately, according to the laws of Spain, he became king, and has been ruling ever since his birth.

"Why do you cry?" he asked the boy, putting out his little hand.

Alfonso knows little of Cuba and his whole life is taken up with the routine through which he must daily go, and the many charitable acts which the king of Spain is called on to perform.

Through his charities have never been written, they are the most interesting parts of the little king's life.

Another charity in which Alfonso is active is the birthday fete entertainment. At this affair the young king dresses in fancy dress and with the children belonging to the court ladies and gentlemen.

"There are children," said the queen, "who go to bed every night without their porridge and without their drink. Now, my son, you know what hunger is."

On his birthday Alfonso takes this money and divides it among the children's hospitals of Spain. He does this personally, signing his name in a babyish hand to the donations as they are prepared by one of his ministers.

"Yes, my son."

FROM GEORGIA ANDERSON. I have not written to the club in a good while and am going to write today. How are you all getting along? We are having some bad weather now. Well, Haps, I am a very small girl for my age. I have brown eyes and brown curly hair.

"Then no child in Spain shall ever go hungry if I can help it."

A SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT. Waelder, Texas.—Dear Haphammer: I have been thinking for some time that I would write and tell you how much I enjoyed the last summer on the coast and the nice time we had fishing and bathing at Fort Lavaca.

"The king has donated \$50 to the fund every Spanish noble donates a like sum, taking care, however, to make it a little smaller than that which is given by the king."

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she built her life. With love she purchased the love of the people, and with it she made her life on our earth; she is no longer with us, but the seeds of love and temperance which have been sown by gentle hands will spring up year after year and be happily harvested, and her sweet memory will abide like the fragrant rays of a star to guide the temperance cause, long as this sphere remains a sphere.

THE MAINE INSALTER. Neath the waters of Havana, Lie our own proud ship the "Maine," Hid with the evil tor and blackened By the treachery of Spain.

Oh, these pale, dead faces lying Deep in the sunken Maine, Gentle hands will spring up year after year and be happily harvested, and her sweet memory will abide like the fragrant rays of a star to guide the temperance cause, long as this sphere remains a sphere.

And when the war is ended By our friends we will tell The deeds of our heroes trembled When they heard the "Rebel Yell."

THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF MAN. Come here, my little fellow, Come, tell me, if you can, Did you ever all to thinking Of the different kinds of man?

There's the sea-man and the free-man And the midship-man as well; The mad-man and the bad-man, Of whom you've oft heard tell.

There's the yoo-man and the foe-man, And the highway-man besides; The peddle-man and the headle-man, And the helms-man, too, who guides.

Then the crafts-man and the draughts-man, And the country-man, you know; There's the horse-man and the sports-man, And the bush-man, with his bow.

Now the chair-man, now the states-man, Now the spokes-man has the floor; There's the speer-man and the cheer-man, And the foot-man at the door.

The hang-man and the rag-man, And the fore-man in the shop; The pen-man and the school-man, And the plough-man, with his crop.

There's the bond-man and the towns-man, And the bell-man with his cry; And—come here, my little fellow— There's the sand-man in your eye.

Now, my lad, I've told you Of the different kinds of man; But, above all, I beseech you, Be a little gentle-man.

Is the baby too thin? Does he increase too slowly in weight? Are you in constant fear he will be ill?

Then give him more flesh. Give him more power to resist disease. He certainly needs a fat-forming food.

Scott's Emulsion is just that food. It will make the baby plump; increase the weight; bring color to the cheeks, and prosperity to the whole body.

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OUR HAPPYHAMMERS



pool man who has a taste for mummies 2000 years old.

New Happyhammers were enrolled this week as follows: Jack Sison, Edgar Tucker, Tom Ellis, Fritz Fahrendorf, Armine Pope and Earl Wooley.

Early Texas Vegetables. Elgin, Texas.—Dear Haphammer: It has been a long time since I have written to you, and I have much to tell.

A BUNCH OF HAPS. Cameron, Texas.—Dear Haphammer: We noticed in last week's paper where a crowd of boys joined the merry band of Haps, and if Mr. Hap don't object the following boys would like very much to join.

WANTS TO DELATE. Davilla, Texas.—Dear Haphammer: Well, at last I find a few moments to devote to the many cousins. I was beginning to think what a time Texas would be doomed to from February until September.

SHE LIKES TO READ. Downville, Texas.—Dear Haphammer: Again I come to talk with you all a short while, as I have no time to write you at the moment.

JOE FARMER'S DREAM. In Grange, Texas.—Dear Haphammer: I would again enter your circle. I was so glad to see a letter from Joe Farmer. You surely can write a nice letter, Joe.

A FARMER'S BOY. Climpell Hill, Texas.—Dear Haphammer: Here comes Grover Cleveland Farmer, a farmer's boy. I live on a farm about four miles from Climpell Hill.

THE HAPPYHAMMERS CLUB. New members: 19. Last week's total: 6,711. Number of Happyhammers: 4,200.

SOME SHORT LETTERS. Hattie Sandel of Milligan says she joined the club in 1895.

Johnnie M. Meredith of Tamina has been added to the list of members.

Frank H. Gowdy wrote a short letter from Dayton. He has a pony named Daisy.

Frank Moffett, who lives at Morales, says he is going to school at Hallestead. He is 16 years old.

Julia Howard of Calvert says she is in the fourth grade at school. Her teacher is Miss Glennie Wilson.

Archie Pratt of Sabine Pass says she enjoys reading very much.

Fannie Barnett of Chappell Hill becomes a Happyhammer this week.

Mary Ida Loggins of Howth wants the Haps to debate this subject: "Which is the most useful to mankind, the cow or the horse?"

Daisy Florence Williams, who lives at Damon, has been added to the list of Haps.

She and her chum, Georgia Watson, have a jolly time together.

Little Max Jones is a new member who lives at Scranton.

He is only 9 years of age, picked 24 pounds.

THE HAPPYHAMMERS CLUB. TOTTIE TWO SHOES. Tottie Two Shoes writes upon my knee, "I had one story," wondrously says she.

I ask the story, I want to know, Tottie Two Shoes sits thoughtfully.

I ask her if I may have a story, she says she has one, but she is shy.

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HAP TALKS. The Haphammer has to go to a Green to our boys and girls.

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